



A N
ELEGIACAL POEM,
Humbly suffered to the memory of the most Reverend Father in God,
GILBERT,

Late Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, one of his Majesties
Most Honourable Privy-Council, &c. Who died the 9th of this instant November 1677.

NOW that the Court with spreading Triumphs swells,
And the Town eccho's with rejoicing Bells;
Whilst Princely Nuptials, and a Princes Birth
Fills dullest souls with Extases of Mirth,
And active Love makes London rival Rome,
To mint fair Conqu'rors for the Age to come:
Lest surfeiting Delights should us destroy,
Kinde Fate thinks fit to cast in an Alloy,
Grave *Sheldon's* Death: *Sheldon!* in whom the Great
Was twisted with the Good, as Light and Heat.
The dolesome news our gayest Joys o'repowers,
Like April Sun-shine dash'd with sudden showers.
Ah wretched state of sublunary things!
Which flutter thus with Party-colour'd wings.
Yet let's not mourn---He the good fight had fought,
And, like a trusty Pilot, safely brought
The Church o're Billowes of divided Rage,
And Hurricanes o'th' last tempestuous Age;
In which he stood, Religious Rock, not mixt
With the Times Torrent, but still bravely fixt
On humble Basis of true Piety,
And what that did inspire, strict Loyalty.
As gentle Oyl upon the streams doth glide,
Not mingling with it, though it smooths the tide.
Now having settled her in happy Calm,
And heal'd her wounds with Moderations Balm,
His work, finish'd, as the descending Sun,
Withdraws his Lustre when his Race is run,
And sets more radiant than he first begun.
Death, to compleat his never-dying story,
Translates His Grace unto a state of Glory:
Yet he that thinks him dead, most grossly erres
Can Vertue die? No, but as brightest Stars
Seem not to shine when near the Sun, he thus
Is not extinct, onely lies hid to us.
And now my straggling Verse would fain prepare
To imp her duller wings with Fire and Air,
Impregnated with strange Magnetick force,
To follow him in his Seraphick Course;
But must forbear that Theam, deni'd to men
Of Common Souls, or a Lay grov'ling Pen.
It is enough, if our unhallow'd Laies
May coast along the Ocean of His Praise.

A Prelate, such as stem'd the Heathen Flood,
And water'd first the Gospel with their Blood,
E're haughty Rome or pert Geneva tri'd
The Churches seamless Garment to divide,
And make Truth how to th'interests of a Side. }
Learned, devout, discreet, ev'ry way fit
To feed the Flock, and also govern it.
With judgement he the awful Crozier sway'd;
Mildly he Rul'd, and Christianly Obey'd:
An humble gracious Grandeur, and as free
From Bechets Pride, as Bouners Crueltie;
Still labour'd to exclude whatever sin
By Time or Carelesness had entred in;
Winnow'd the Chaff from Wheat, but yet was loath
A purblinde Zeal should come and burn them both;
And thought their Charity or Sense but small,
Who to save often Blotting, would Blot all;
And to that riddling squeamishness are grown,
As to think Organs sin, but Fashion none.
One Maxime all his Politicks enrouls,
To serve his God, his Prince, and Peoples Souls.
So milde was Moses Countenance when he pray'd
For those whose Satanism his Pow'r gainsaid;
And such his Gravity, when all God's Band
Receiv'd his Word (through him) at second-hand.
But we disturb his modest dust ---
He now on Angels wings salutes the seats
Of Glory, where he still (methinks) iatreats
God to vouchsafe as much Light as is fit
Unto his Flock, and grant Content with it:
To give such Teachers as love not to vent
Their private Fancies, but maintain Consent
Of hearts, if not of tongues; and melt away,
By pow'rful fire, Adulterate Allay
Of mixt Dissentions: that Christ's Spouse may be
Link'd and united in sweet Harmonie,
Breathe all alike, and being free from strife,
To Heaven make good their Faith, to Earth their Life.

F I N I S.